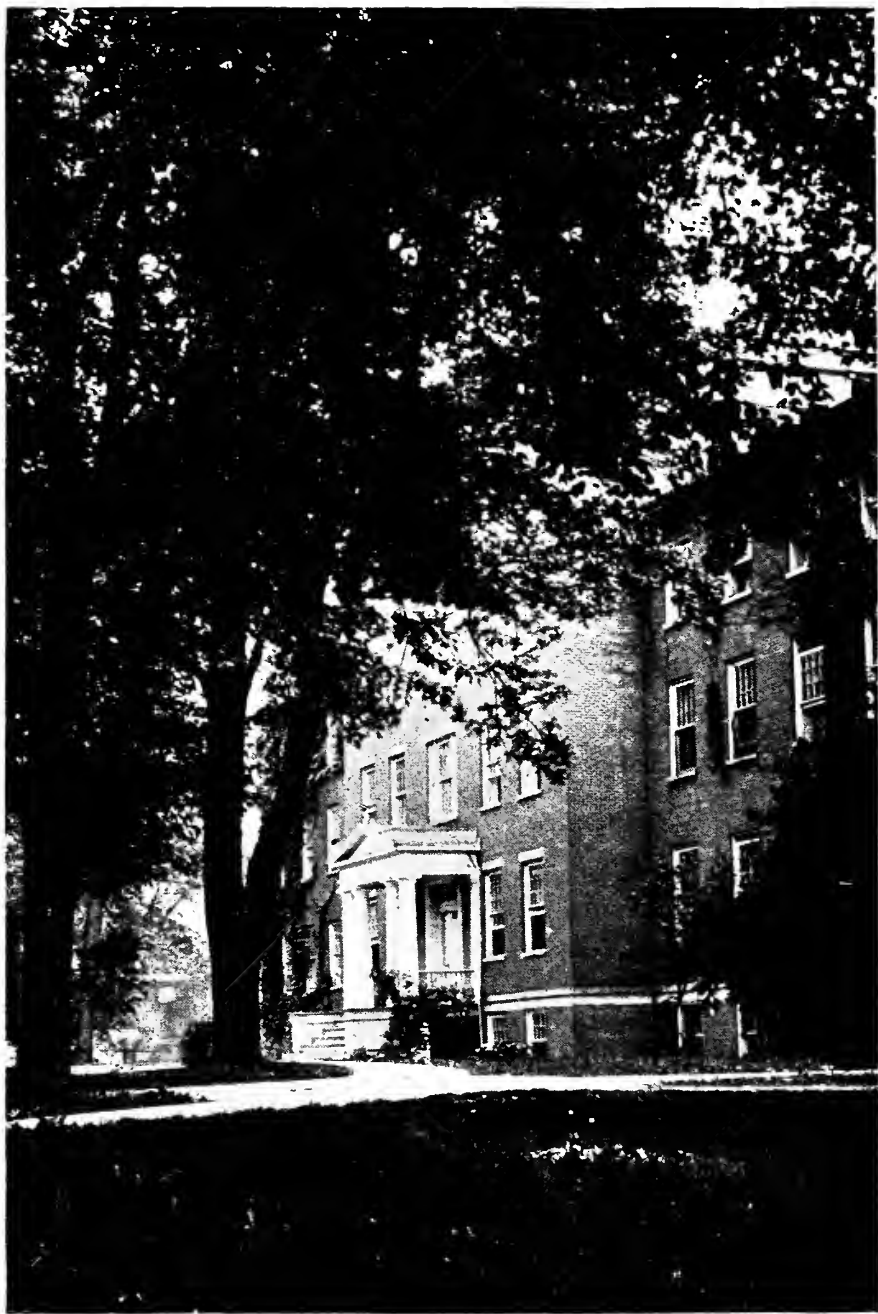


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EARHAM HALL.

THE PAGEANT IN QUEST OF FREEDOM

THE SETTLEMENT AND ACTIVITIES
OF THE QUAKERS IN THE WHITE-
WATER VALLEY. ~~AND~~ THE FOUNDING
AND DEVELOPMENT OF EARLHAM
COLLEGE



BY
WALTER CARLETON WOODWARD, '99

ASSISTED BY
MISS EDNA JOHNSON
MRS. MARY H. FLANNER



PRESENTED ON THE EARLHAM
CAMPUS BY THE SENIOR CLASS
ASSISTED BY THE STUDENT BODY
JUNE 13, 1916

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R. J. F. Jones
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FOREWORD

In the preparation of this pageant, the writer has concerned himself with ideas rather than with persons; with the development of institutions rather than with the achievements of individuals. While this is true of pageantry in general, attention is called to the fact in order to explain the liberty that has been taken in the use of proper names. For instance, in telling the story of the Quaker migration from the Carolinas, the family names of the first Quaker settlers in the White-water Valley are used, but first names are purposely transposed in order that it may be clearly understood that the writer is not tracing the actual incidents in the life of any certain individual. On the other hand, where definite historic events are portrayed, as in the Henry Clay incident and in the Quaker wedding, the real names of the participants have been used. For purposes of effective presentation, slight liberty has been taken with chronology. For example, the fraternity emissary incident which is given in connection with the founding of Earlham, actually took place in 1875.

W. C. W.



PAGEANT OUTLINE

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Pageant Processional—Hymn to Freedom.

PROLOGUE.

Send Forth Thy Light.

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Scene 1—Close Connections on the Underground Railroad.

Scene 2—The Right of Petition (Henry Clay Incident, 1842).

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PART III.

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Scene 3—Teaching by Example!

Episode VI—Recognition of the "New Learning" and the Aesthetic.

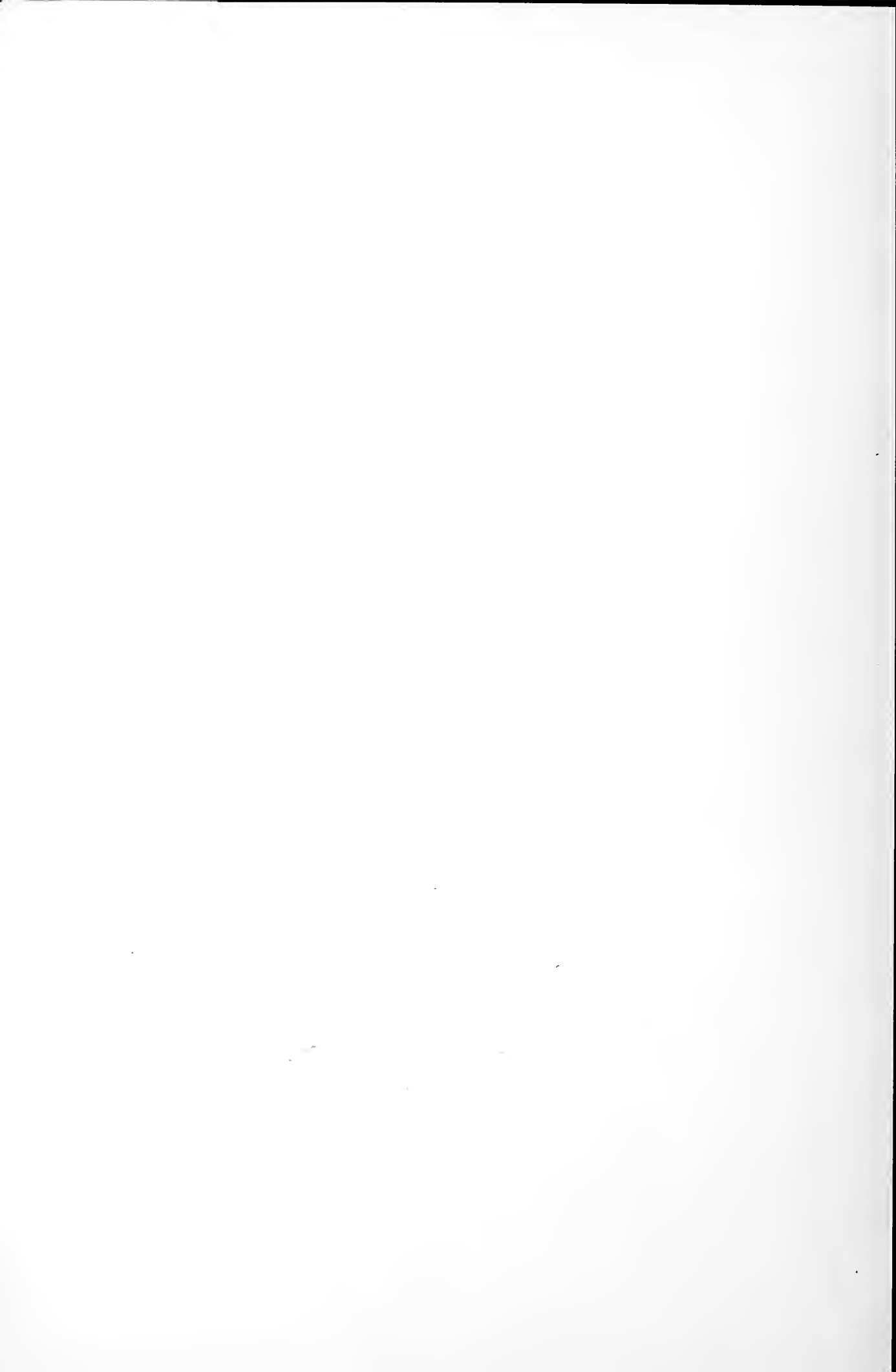
Scene 1—Introduction of Science and Music.

PART IV.

FINALE.

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Scene 1—Centennial Observance.



THE PAGEANT IN QUEST OF FREEDOM

PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

(The Herald of Freedom, mounted, rides into the foreground, playing on cornet motif of the Hymn to Freedom which follows below. He finishes after his mount has been brought to a stand before the audience, which is brought to attention.)

HERALD: Hear ye! Hear ye! The Earlham Pageant is about to begin. Its motif is "In Quest of Freedom," and her whom we all seek we first introduce to you.

(Freedom, closely accompanied by her sisters, Peace and Justice, enters, followed by her joyous, loyal retinue. The chorus takes position in front and sings, "Freedom Our Queen," with due obeisance. As the singers, closing, withdraw a little to one side away from the audience, the speaker of the Prologue steps out into such position that he may address Freedom and yet be speaking toward the audience.)

PROLOGUE.

To thee we own allegiance full and free,
To thee our Queen, to Freedom blest and fair.
Most sought and longed of all the ages thou.
Earth's highways far, as well, Earth's byways near
In truth have all sought thee, have all sought thee.
The first drawn breath on gray Creation's morn
Was naught but aspiration, Freedom turn'd.
In many a conflict century long, have men
And Nations blindly striven, blindly fought
In search of thee and mayhap found thee not.
Of all of Heaven's benedictions rich
The most elusive thou. Men oft have grasped

At thee—and clutched naught but thy shameless foils;
On one hand despotism cruel, hard,
Or, fain embracing thee, have license found,
Which leads to thy arch traitor, anarchy.
Yet shunning thee is very death itself.
A Queen art thou indeed, most beautiful,
Alluring—yet imperative and stern.
In thy name seeking, men too oft become
E'en super-men, yet tyrants, libertines.
Espousing not thy holy cause they less
Than men become, soul craven, senseless, brutes.

Most terrible and crude the weapons used
To blaze and clear the way to Freedom's throne:

By battle ax and chariot,
By forest war club rude;
By damasc blade and scimitar,
By Viking barque, by swift trireme;
By castled wall and dungeon cell
By long bow and by lance;
By gibbet high, by faggot fire
By poison cup and poinard keen;
By cannon belch, by Hussar charge
By gleaming steel and bayonet;
By treach'rous mine, by hand grenade
By submarine and aeroplane.

And all of these in Freedom's sacred name
Most priceless gift of heaven's store to man.
What wonder that thou didst so oft thy face
In shame and sorrow turn, that blinded men
Would never learn that thou are mute, aloof,
Except thy sister Justice, too, be wooed.

Throughout Earth's space since very time began
The battle rage for Freedom has been heard;

On Chaldee's plains and Egypt's sands,
Neath Sinai's peak, on Syrian field,
In Pelop's dales, on Attic's strand,
On troublous, keen fought sea, Aegean;
Round Tiber's flow, on Dido's coast
And through the gates of Hercules;

Midst lowland dykes, in Alpine heights
'Neath fleur de lis, in Fatherland,
From Russian steppe to Good Hope's lure
And Spanish Main to far Luzon;
In Britain's Isle, in Pilgrim's land
On many a Saxon Runnymede.
Through conquest and through carnage, seeking thee,
Have war lords ever thought to win as well
Thine other sister Peace. Such winning has
Fore'er been fanciful and false. For thou
Wouldst teach that thou art one of trinity,
In Freedom, Justice, Peace—all three in one,
And each without the other vain. All they
Who ever dare spurn one, must soon lose all.

We come to-day a little band of Friends—
E'en loyal friends of Freedom, Justice, Peace,
And if so friends of God. Midst clashing arms,
Midst shaking thrones, our fathers learned what thou
Wouldst speak. Espoused they, thy sister Peace.
Unmoved by war's alarums, true to *her*
They thought them true to Justice and to thee.
Far be it that we vaunt their fame and ours.
All eager in thy cause have even we
Against thee often sinned. Full long has been
The learning of the lesson deep that bond
Removed from human flesh is token mere
Of Freedom of the Soul. And that can ne'er
Exist, where mind and heart are stultified.

The way has sometimes weary been and long
We've traveled, in the path of liberty
So boldly, nobly trod by those before
To this new promised land, thy heritage.
But gathered here on Wisdom's sacred ground
Forever dedicated to thy cause,
We tell the story of our quest for thee.
And may that holy quest ne'er ended be.
To thee may each day bring new tribute full,
To thee our Queen and thrice blest trinity.

*(As the Prologue ends, the chorus, addressing Freedom, sings
"Send Forth Thy Light." All leave field singing.)*



FREEDOM.

PART II.

IN BODY POLITIC.

EPISODE I—IN THE LAND OF BONDAGE.

Scene 1—The Issue.

(The setting is here a double one. Above is represented a garden party at a typical aristocratic home of the South—in this case in the Carolinas. The party is held at the home of Colonel and Mrs. Beverly Winston and their pretty and popular niece, Miss Betty. While the guests gather, negro plantation melodies are heard in the fields behind. Col. Winston is playfully drawn into the festivities by his wife, Betty occupying all the time a prominent place in the scene. After the guests have arrived, refreshments are informally served, after which a few of the negro servants are introduced for the entertainment of the young people.

While this has been going on above, on Chase Stage, there is represented below the dooryard of the home of Samuel Hoover, Quaker. His wife, Anna, seated at a spinning wheel, appears thoughtful and serious. The Hoover children are variously engaged, Mary, age 12, playing with her doll; the two boys, James and Thomas, playing a game of mumblety-peg. The eldest son, John, who enters shortly, is stalwart and compelling. He, too, is thoughtful and restless, his gaze being directed toward Winston Court.

In the meantime, music has called the garden party guests into the house. Betty Winston, amid the attention given her, is seen to direct a half wistful, half mischievous glance every now and then toward the young Quaker. This does not escape the watchful eye of Anna Hoover and adds to her anxiety.

Two Friends, David Cox and Levi Hunt, enter the Hoover yard. Conversing with each other with serious mien, they approach the Hoovers.)

SAMUEL HOOVER: What deep affair of state or conscience doth so occupy you, good friends?

DAVID COX: Levi has just been telling me a sad affair he witnessed in the town to-day. Levi, will thee not repeat thy story to these friends?

LEVI HUNT: I would not harry their feelings unduly. Enough to say that I saw a neighbor of ours of high estate, driven by hard circumstance, sell in the market place the flesh and blood of his own lust.

SAMUEL HOOVER: Surely, an almost unheard of event that.

LEVI HUNT: Perhaps, Friend Hoover, but one that will become less uncommon as the years pass, if my sense of the future fail me not.

DAVID COX: Whether thy prophecy be true or false, Levi, the bondage of the black man has brought a curse upon this land which pollutes the very air our children breathe. It not only violates the sanctity of home—it forces a deadly alternative: One must use the labor of the slave or sink to the level his labor creates. I refuse to accept either.

SAMUEL HOOVER: What then, David?

DAVID COX: Thee has surely heard of the new land of Freedom, Samuel—that part of the Northwest Territory known as Indiana? Why, even the land itself is *almost* free, and the ordinance creating the territory forever prohibits slavery therein. A deep concern is coming over many Friends that this new land is a gift of the Lord offering us a way of escape from the bonds of servitude.

LEVI HUNT: Perhaps this is the concern that troubles our young friend John (*who, meanwhile, is still looking toward the Winston's*), who seems not to be edified by our conversation.

ANNA HOOVER: Your land of freedom does not lie in that direction, I am thinking.

LEVI HUNT: His father's didn't, eh Samuel?

SAMUEL HOOVER: John is a brave lad who prefers to face danger than escape it.

MARY HOOVER: And even court it, Father.

ANNA HOOVER: Such levity ill becomes the seriousness of the situation. I have a feeling that it would be right for us to remove to Indiana before our children (*looking toward John*) partake of the flesh pots. (*Pointing toward the Winston garden.*)

LEVI HUNT: Perhaps John may "spoil the Egyptians" before departing for the Land of Promise.

DAVID COX: Well, Friends, as we go our way let us seek the light as to our future course.

(*All the Friends but John disappear. Betty reappears and lingers*

in the garden, listening to the negro melodies and is apparently unconscious of the approaching figure of John.)

JOHN: (*Rather uncertainly*) Ah—how does thee do. Betty Winston?

BETTY: (*Starting*) Oh, Mr. Hoover, how you frightened me! Are you in the habit of stealing up on young ladies in this informal manner?

JOHN: Betty Winston my name is plain John Hoover. the same as it was when thee and I played together as children. Why does thee refuse to use the plain language with me now as then?

BETTY: If you give me another scare as you did a moment ago, you will have no occasion to chide me for not using plain language, Mr. Hoover.

JOHN: Why this foolish subterfuge? Thee knows how it is with me, Betty Winston. . . . I have a concern for thee.

BETTY: The concern is all yours, Mister ——

JOHN: (*Ignoring the interruption*) The hand of the Lord is heavy upon this land because of the iniquity of slavery. It rests upon the just and the unjust—all who remain herein must feel the lash which lays open the black man's flesh. The way of escape to Freedom's soil is offered to those who will accept. Betty Winston I would save thee—

BETTY: What a philanthropist our young Quaker has become! And how many of us burning brands does this concern include? Or perhaps he is merely representing the Meeting of the SOCIETY on sufferings!

JOHN: (*Still ignoring the raillery*) I would save thee from evil days to come, but I must first know that thee *wants* to be saved. Give me some sign, Betty Winston.

BETTY: "The wicked shall seek a sign, but there shall be no sign—"

JOHN: Betty Winston such trifling is unworthy of thee and me. Will nothing make thee serious? Listen then to what thee must long have known—I *love thee*. There! Thee knows what it means for me to make that declaration to thee who is not of our Society. Yet I make it and make it proudly, be the consequences what they may. Now (*reaching for her hand*) will thee give me a sign?

(During this last speech, Betty's attitude wholly changes from that of levity to deep seriousness. As John waits for an answer, she looks thoughtfully toward her girlhood home as if counting the cost. She then turns to John, facing North.)

BETTY: And this shall be a sign unto thee, John Hoover: "Whither thou goest. I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

(With these words Betty quietly slips away, leaving John stunned with the sudden realization of his great happiness. Finding himself alone, with bared head, he raises his face heavenward—in silent thanksgiving—then retires homeward.)

Scene 2—The Departure. (Six Months Later.)

(This scene is laid at Winston Court and shows the leave-taking of John and Betty Hoover. Colonel and Mrs. Winston appear, sorrowful but brave. Betty is dressed in Quaker costume and holds a young lady's Quaker bonnet by the strings. At one side a negro boy holds a saddled horse. The plantation servants are grouped around the principals and are bemoaning the departure of their beloved young mistress. With tears in her eyes she bids them farewell. Her old negro mammy comes forward bearing Betty's pretty bonnet.)

MAMMY: Oh Miss Betty, you po' chile, ain't you gwine to wear yo' own pretty bonnet what Marse and Misses gib you? Let yo' old Mammy see yo' sweet face in it once mo'.

(Betty takes it, looks at it lovingly, then with resignation hands it back to old Mammy, putting on the Quaker bonnet. Mammy embraces her, her Uncle and Aunt kiss her goodbye and shake hands impressively with John. The latter mounts his horse, Col. W. assists Betty up behind him, and they ride away waving farewells.)

EPISODE II—FOLLOWING THE NORTH STAR.

Scene 1—Arrival and Settlement in the Whitewater Valley.

(Three covered wagons approach in the distance, bearing respectively the Cox, Hunt and Hoover families. Beside the Hoover wagon ride John and Betty on horseback. Two or three of the men walk beside their wagons. A cow is tied behind each of the first two of the latter, and two cows behind the third wagon, the Hoover's. The wagons draw up, the families unload and the children romp and frisk about with their dogs. The men, John excepted, reconnoiter, looking for

home sites. John and Betty ride into the foreground before the audience and dismount, when the Holman family, of the Elkhorn region, appears, George Holman stepping forward.)

HOLMAN: Howdy! Whar be ye from? And what's yer name? Mine's George Holman.

JOHN: From Carolina, our name, Hoover. Is this thy home friend Holman?

HOLMAN: Say that agin.

JOHN: Does thee live here?

HOLMAN: Five mile south on Elkhorn crick. But reckon I never heerd folks talk that o'way afore. Larn it in a book?

BETTY: He doesn't understand, John; tell him we are Friends.

JOHN: We belong to the Society of Friends and speak the plain language.

HOLMAN: Tain't very plain to me. We hain't no sawcietee round here, but we'se all friends, and we don't talk that o'way nuther, 'nless 'twas the circuit rider when he wuz a prayin'.

JOHN: Maybe thee would understand better if we tell thee we are Quakers.

HOLMAN: Quakers! Well, I 'low! Ma! Ma! here's some Quaker folks. Yeve hearn tell o' them people haint ye?

MRS. H.: (*Coming forward*) I reckon as I have. Samantha Ann, Tilly Jane, Thomas Ebenezer and the rest o' ye, come out and see the people.

JOHN: With these friends of ours, we have come to take up claims and live in this new country of Indiana.

HOLMAN: Wall, there's nothin' much here *but* claims—so hep yo'self.

BETTY: Is there a—a school near?

HOLMAN: Purty near, next year—not more'n about six mile.

MRS. H.: I been teachin' Samantha Ann a little outer the almanac. A-b, ab, Samantha Ann, say 'em for the lady.

BETTY: Thank you, Samantha Ann. Perhaps, if we settle near, I may teach you further—you and the rest.

MRS. H.: I'd like if you uns *would* stake near us—purvidin' yer willin'. There's a good spring close by.

HOLMAN: And it's on a section as'll make as good corn land as ever laid out doors. Come—we'll show ye.

(John and Betty, leading their horses, follow the Holmans. The elder men return, reporting that they have found desirable locations a little farther on in the same neighborhood. They load up their families and drive on and out of sight.)

EPISODE III—PROCLAIMING LIBERTY TO THE CAPTIVE.

Scene 1—Close Connections on the Underground Railroad.

(John Hoover, now about middle age, and his sons, Joseph and Edwin, in their teens, come into the field and begin raking hay preparatory to shocking it. After they have raked up a few windrows, a young negro couple appears hurrying toward them from the South, casting frequent terrified looks backward. They run up to where the Hoovers are working, and, gesticulating excitedly, explain that slave catchers are hot on their track. John quickly has them hidden in the windrows of hay and the three resume work. Three horsemen come riding in a gallop from the south and rein up at the field.)

FIRST HORSEMAN: Hey there! Hez a couple o' niggers went by here this afternoon?

JOHN HOOVER: (Turning to his sons) Boys, we havn't seen anybody pass by here have we?

JOSEPH: No father, and thee knows no one could have gone by without our seeing them.

SECOND HORSEMAN: (In an aside to his fellows) Did ye git that? Some more of our "Thee" and "Thy" hearties—slicker and obstinater than the old man hisself. I always sez—look sharp when they begins pullin' *that* pious talk on ye. There is a nigger in the wood pile for sure then.

FIRST HORSEMAN: See here, my man, we don't 'low to make you no trouble, but we don't mean to have no misunderstandin' about this. We are huntin' a couple of runaway niggers and mean to have 'em dead or alive, an' we don't keer much which.

JOHN HOOVER: Thee heard us say that no such people as thee speaks of have passed by here. What more does thee want—my opinion of thy business and my good wishes? Thee is welcome to the former, but the latter I reserve for the poor creatures thee is hunting, wherever they may be.

FIRST HORSEMAN: The devil take your opinion.

JOHN HOOVER: It matters not to me whether I give it to master or servant. It would be poorly enough relished in either case.

(The slave catchers confer among themselves, looking all about inquiringly, and slowly turn their horses again toward the south.)

FIRST HORSEMAN: (*Looking back toward John Hoover*) Mebbe the niggers have turned off on another road, but if we don't find 'em, we're comin' back, and if we find our "Thee" and "Thy" saint has fooled us there will be the devil to pay.

JOHN HOOVER: (*Calling after him*) As thee seems to be on easy terms with him, I'll just let thee settle the account.

JOHN HOOVER: (*Now all alert*) Joseph, thee and Edwin run to the barn and hitch the team to the covered wagon—we must get these friends off to Levi Coffin's at once. Edwin stop at the house on the way and tell mother what's up.—That's all thee needs to tell her.

(*The boys hurry away as bidden. John resumes work with his rake, keeping an anxious eye in different directions, especially toward the south. The boys soon return, driving a team at a brisk trot. Betty comes from the house, accompanied by her daughter Elizabeth, older than the boys, and two small children, a boy and girl. She carries a basket of food. The negroes leave their hiding place and are led to the wagon. The little tots hang to their mother's skirts as she approaches with basket, to speak.*)

BETTY HOOVER: Here, my good friends, may these victuals strengthen you and give you courage. Once you arrive at Levi Coffin's at Newport you are safe, for the while at least. No one has ever been taken from his protecting roof. And if any man can get thee there in safety, trust John Hoover. Don't leave any of these biscuits for Catharine Coffin to see—tell her I said I could bake better.

(*The negroes are stowed away in the wagon; John takes his seat, relieving the boys.*)

BETTY HOOVER: (*As the negroes take their places*) The Lord bless you and give you freedom.

(*John drives off rapidly to the north. The Hoover family looks after the disappearing wagon, with occasional apprehensive glances in the other direction, then turns homeward.*)

Scene 2—The Right of Petition. (*Henry Clay incident, 1842.*)

(*A large company of men gather for a political speaking. About one-third of them are Quakers. A carriage drives up containing Henry Clay, accompanied by a reception committee. The crowd breaks into cheers which Clay acknowledges. He and the members of the commit-*

tee take their places. In the meantime, well back in the crowd, is seen a small group of Quaker abolitionists who disclose a petition and make it evident that they intend to present it to Clay. They are given menacing looks by the loyal Whigs present. Clay takes notice and speaks in an aside to James Rariden, a member of the committee, who rises and steps forward to make announcement.)

RARIDEN: Our distinguished guest, Mr. Clay, wishes me to announce that if there are any petitions to be presented to him, he will receive them now in public and will answer them publicly.

(A committee of four Quaker abolitionists, led by Hiram Mendenhall, starts forward. A wild commotion ensues, threats and invectives being hurled at the abolitionists. Clay rises and raises his hand for silence.

HENRY CLAY: Fellow citizens, for my sake forbear. These people have a right to be heard and we must treat them with respect. I feel but the kindest regard for them, and pray you to let them come forward unmolested.

(The committee goes forward, and Hiram Mendenhall, addressing Clay, reads:

"We, the undersigned citizens of Indiana (to the number of nearly two thousand) in view of the declaration of right contained in the Charter of American Independence, in view of the justice which is due from man to his fellow-man; in view of all those noble principles which should characterize the Patriot, the Philanthropist and the Christian, ask you most respectfully, to 'unloose the heavy burdens,' and that you let the oppressed under your control, who call you master, go FREE. By doing so you would give 'Liberty to whom Liberty is due,' and do no more than justice to those under your charge, who have long been deprived by you of the sacred boon of Freedom; and set an example that would result in much good to suffering and debased humanity, and do an act altogether worthy a great and a good man."

(The audience glowers during the reading and gives evidence of its disapproval. Clay likewise shows that he is becoming angry and restrains himself with some difficulty. Immediately upon the conclusion of the reading he jumps to his feet.)

HENRY CLAY: Gentlemen of Richmond, I consider the presenting of this petition on this occasion a gratuitous insult to me, your guest. Suppose you should be passing through my Country and I should

ask *you* to give up your land. The distinction is in the kind of property, you say. In answer, I declare there is not a man who deplores slavery more than I do. It is not only an evil, but a great evil, but do these abolitionists think they know more about our business than we ourselves know? I tell you that in one year after the principles in your petition were granted, ruin, extermination, fraud and blood would be the result.

I own about fifty slaves. Ask my Charles there (*pointing to his negro servant near by*) whether I treat them kindly. When we were in Canada he could not be prevailed upon to leave me. He is as well clad, as well shod and I believe is as honest a man as is Mr. Mendenhall. I have a poor helpless old woman and her family. What shall I do with them? Send them out to starve?

You abolitionists are worse than revolutionists (*cheers*). Your efforts have put back the cause of emancipation fifty years. I consider the slave as my property. We have an idea that whatever the law secures to us as property *is* property. Slavery is our misfortune, not our fault, but whether our misfortune or our fault, it is no concern of yours. Go back, back to your homes. I say, and mind your own business. (*Wild cheers.*)

(*The crowd breaks up in disorder and follows Clay, who re-enters the carriage and is driven away.*)

HIRAM MENDENHALL: (*Calling out after Clay*) Two years hence at the polls, as a result of your tirade to-day, Henry Clay, some one else will be told to *go home and mind his own business*.

EPISODE IV—THE TIMES WHICH TRY MEN'S SOULS. (1861 to 1865.)

Scene 1—The Quaker Testimony. (1861)

(*A mounted officer rides into the foreground, presumably the city square, and toward him a crowd of people—come running from all directions. Dismounting, he speaks hurriedly to a leading citizen, who then mounts a box and addresses the gathering crowd.*)

LEADING CITIZEN: My friends, the hour has struck—Ft. Sumter has fallen. The time for idle discussion has passed. (*Cheers.*) Yesterday, we *debated* on the basis of *theory*; to-day, we must *act* upon the basis of *fact*. Our government, dedicated to Union and Liberty, has been attacked and its perpetuity threatened. It must be preserved. (*Wild cheers.*) The Union is imperiled—it must be saved.

(Cheers.) The flag we love has been hauled down. Shall we put it up again? *(Loud cries of, Yes, Yes.)* President Lincoln has called for seventy-five thousand men. Governor Morton, our own Oliver P. Morton, has tendered ten thousand troops from Indiana. *(Cheers upon cheers.)* What answer does Old Wayne, his own county make? The recruiting officer is here and is ready for the enlistment of volunteers. The call comes to those who love their country and are willing to fight to preserve it. Citizens of Wayne County, I do not ask you to go where I will not lead. Follow me! *(Cheers and hurrahs.)*

(Some one runs up with a large American flag on a pole and plants it as a rallying point. A table is placed at which the officer seats himself. The leading citizen inscribes his name. Meanwhile a fife and drum corps has been hastily organized and does vigorous execution as the citizens press forward to enroll, amid much enthusiasm.)

There are many Friends in the crowd and while all this has been going on, they appear silent and serious. While the rest of the men gather round the recruiting station, they remain at the rear in serious conference. One or two young Friends break away and rush up to enlist. The rest shake their heads in sorrow and slowly retire.

The recruiting being accomplished, the officer, grabbing up the flag, shouts: "To the Drill Ground, Boys," and followed by the drum corps, leads the way.)

Scene 2—The Quaker Contribution. (1865.)

(A mixed audience gathers, a large number of Friends being present. Governor Morton is escorted to the front amid great applause and is introduced as the man who shall go down in history as the great war governor.)

GOVERNOR MORTON: Friends and neighbors of Wayne County, it gives me peculiar pleasure to come back home to-day under the circumstances which bring me here. More than a year ago the State of Indiana offered a banner to that county which should contribute most liberally to the relief of sick and wounded soldiers during the year 1864. The terrible war is at an end—peace once more is ours, and to-day I come to give honor to whom honor is due.

May I address myself especially to those of you, my friends who, for conscience sake, declined to take up arms in this bloody struggle. Many have misunderstood and have even maligned you, but I honor you for your loyalty to a principle, though it be a principle

which I do not hold. I have been made to feel by you that there are other ways less spectacular, but no less effective, wherein loyalty to country may be shown. And I have been made to know full well that none have excelled you in such loyalty. Long shall I remember that day of storm and stress when two of your number visited me at the seat of government; how, earnestly and anxiously they inquired of the progress of events; and how, when leaving, one of them, laying his hand gently upon my head, most reverently asked God to guide me in the performance of the great task in hand.

To visit the fatherless, minister to the sorrowing, care for the sick—yea, to help bind the Nation's wounds—all this and more has been your most acceptable service, and in token thereof, I take the greatest pleasure in presenting you this banner which your most generous aid to the sick and wounded soldier has won for Wayne County.

(A committee steps forward to receive banner amid applause. The audience breaks up and retires, led by the Governor.)



JOHN AND BETTY HOOVER AND FREEDOM.

PART III.

IN MIND AND HEART AND SOUL.

EPISODE V—THE FOUNDING OF EARLHAM.

Scene 1—The Vision.

(Freedom, closely accompanied by Justice and Peace, and supported by five figures representing Hope, Faith, Courage, Self-Sacrifice and Love, comes onto the scene. She looks about her upon the broad expanse with evident satisfaction, tempered, however, with some concern.)

FREEDOM: A rich land this, and fair, my sisters.

JUSTICE AND PEACE: And dedicated all to Thee.

FREEDOM: I hold it only in trust with you, without whose promptings it would have ne'er been mine. And I give due recognition also to you, my faithful friends and allies *(speaking to the five, who bow in acknowledgement)*, who have e'er supported me so well. And I have yet much need of you. Present accomplishment should ever be the prelude only to future achievement. This broad land secured to me is naught but opportunity for the quest of a new and higher Freedom. Oh, think you that my people who have found me here will still be faithful to the quest? But see, who come?

(Enter John and Betty Hoover from such direction that when addressing Freedom they shall be looking toward Earlham Hall. They appear as two pilgrims on a quest. On seeing Freedom they rather hesitate, half startled, half bewildered, then, on her recognition, start joyously forward to within ten or fifteen yards of her, where they stand in reverent attitude.)

FREEDOM: What seek you, good friends, for in you I recognize Friends in very deed?

JOHN HOOVER: We are seeking the light.

FREEDOM: The Light?

JOHN HOOVER: The inner light, that lighteth every man his path—the path which leads to perfect freedom.

FREEDOM: (*Suppressing her eager delight to further lead him out*)
How now? Was not the light you seek a very cloud by day and pillar of fire by night to lead you to this land of mine? What more could mortal ask?

JOHN HOOVER: Aye, the light of Yesterday, for which we e'er give thanks. But what of the Morrow? We have been blessedly led to this thy heritage. To it our fathers blazed the way that we their children might be blessed of Thee. But what of us? Is it ours to rest content with *their* great deeds of faith? Have we no debt to pay to those who call *us*, sire? We may e'en lose the heritage we have, doing nothing to enrich it. Pray tell us, is there not a greater freedom yet for us?

FREEDOM: (*With yearning joy*) Oh my children, could you only know the joy and reassurance that you give me. Freedom is ever ready for those who really seek her. 'Tis they that seek and ever seek that find but to your problem: True Freedom has two hand-maids, Enlightenment and Service. 'Tis only those who *know* and who know to *serve* that are true heirs of mine. . . .

Behold! The Vision! (*Leaning forward and looking upward toward Earldam Hall. John and Betty eagerly follow her gaze.*)
Remove the shoes from off your feet for this is *holy* ground. The God of Wisdom shall hereon reveal himself to your children and unto your children's children. See! The Temple of Enlightenment arises, the veil is rent asunder—*all* may come and learn of Truth. Here on "either side the Great Road," the highway of life—see you not the halls of learning lift themselves? Youth enters, young manhood and young womanhood depart, but twixt that entering and departure God's holy alchemy hath been wrought. They who go, go forth to serve. See! See! *Freedom* saved and glorified!

JOHN AND BETTY: (*Whose faces have been lighting*) THE VISION!
THE VISION.

(*After gazing in rapture a moment they kneel in silent prayer.*)

FREEDOM: (*Looking upon them, her hands outstretched, benignant.*)
May the God of Truth, of Wisdom, of Enlightenment, brood over them in this holy, fructifying hour. We behold the birth throes of an Ideal; an Ideal, which, clothed with flesh and blood, and brick

and mortar, shall lead the hosts of Freedom. God's heroes of the Past, His champions of the Present, come forth to shape the destinies of this hour.

(As Freedom utters these words, those named below enter slowly from the opposite direction. Their approach is solemn, stately, spirit-like. They come up to the kneeling Hoovers, over which each pauses with outstretched hands while Freedom speaks for him, after which each passes on.)

FREEDOM: *George Fox* breathes into the Ideal the breath of true Quakerism: Loyalty to Truth, the guidance of the Inner Light, the warmth and freshness of *heart* religion, steadfastness of purpose, simplicity of life.

Margaret Fell: The beneficent influence of noble womanhood, in its rare discerning sympathy, its helpful companionship, its abiding faith, its joyous cöoperation, its inspiring appeal, is embodied in her who bespeaks an equal place for womanhood in the creation of the Ideal.

William Penn: May that Christian statesmanship which stands for Democracy, free government, Liberty, Justice, so mold the Ideal as to send forth far visioned statesmen, worthy the name of *William Penn*.

Robert Barclay brings foundation stone for the Ideal in principles of Faith, held fast together by resistless logic.

John Woolman: His consecration, as manifest in his efforts for the enlightenment and uplift of those of poor estate, be with you ever.

Stephen Grellet: May concern for the evangelization of the world be as deep, as broad, as constant, as was his.

Lucretia Mott warns against the dogmatism of creed, exemplifying the religion of service. She labors not only to free the *bondman* from the chains of servitude, but *bondwoman* as well from the chains of legal, political and social restrictions. She is in very truth, minister.

John Brighet: May his heroism and eloquence in his championship of economic and political justice, in his impassioned plea for peace, en vigor the Ideal.

(Enter together the courtly English gentleman, Joseph John Gurney and his beautiful sister Elizabeth Fry. Freedom manifests marked

joy in their presence. They approach the Hoovers, who are still kneeling.

FREEDOM: (*Looking toward Earltam Hall*) Fair blest art Thou, beloved Ideal, whose name shall be enshrined forever with such rare souls as these. And fitting indeed it is that these of Norfolk should bequeath the memory of their ancestral home to the Ideal which these the North folk (*pointing toward the Hoovers*) in my name raise. May you be true to the spirit of service which has so ennobled the lives of Elizabeth Fry and Joseph John Gurney in their ministrations to the unfortunate and the enslaved.

SO,—SHALL I NAME THEE—EARLTAM.

(*As Freedom speaks, John and Betty raise their eyes toward the Vision and Joseph John Gurney and Elizabeth Fry extend their hands upward toward it in benediction. They stand silently a moment after Freedom ceases speaking, then pass on. John and Betty rise and start forward toward the Vision, when, Freedom, again speaking, halts them.*)

FREEDOM: A word, my friends, before starting upon your quest. Long and difficult is the way ere you realize the Vision. Weary years shall intervene twixt this transfiguration and the hour of proud achievement—fifteen years of waiting and anxious struggle ere Learning's torch is even lighted—twelve more years before the day of recognition—and still ever onward shall your Vision lead you. Lest doubt and discouragement o'ertake you, I give some faithful friends to guide you on the way: Faith to fortify you; Hope to cheer; Courage to engird you; Self-Sacrifice to enrich; and Love to spur you on. These five shall bear you up and ever lead you forward. Forever afterward, in recognition of their service, your calendar of observance shall be marked in terms of them. These be your Quinquennial. 'Tis they for you will

“Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And on midnight's sky of rain
Paint the Golden Morrow.”

(*These five take position before John and Betty, and pointing toward the Vision beckon them onward. All start forward eagerly.*)

JOHN AND BETTY: The Vision! The Vision!

Scene 2—"Second Day, Sixth Month, Seventh." (1847.)

(Freedom and her retinue enter, followed by Lewis A. Estes, Huldah C. Hoag and Cornelius Douglas and wife in background. From the opposite direction enters a company of a score or more of Friends, both men and women, who approach Freedom.)

FREEDOM: Welcome, friends, on this glad day. God prosper the work now here begun.

ELIJAH COFFIN: *(Spokesman)* Yea, verily, may it prosper, and toward that end we pray His aid and thy direction.

FREEDOM: Say on, Friend Coffin.

E. COFFIN: The Ideal of our vision to-day takes form, in the opening of Friends Boarding School. But who shall shape the Ideal and direct our children toward it? The work is too great for us.

FREEDOM: Your need I have anticipated. I bring you assistance from New England, Freedom's cradle. At my bidding, these *(motioning them forward)* come to lead you in your quest. Lewis Estes, of discerning mind and understanding heart, scholar, teacher, friend, shall lead your young men in ways of wisdom. For your young women, Huldah C. Hoag, of equal gift, shall do likewise. For *this* you shall be known: THERE SHALL NO DISTINCTION OF SEX BE MADE FOREVER.

These friends, Cornelius Douglas and wife, shall your superintendent and matron be, ever watchful of the welfare and comfort of your children.

(Elijah Coffin steps forward and gravely shakes hands with the New Englanders, welcoming them on behalf of the Friends. Lewis Estes now takes charge, with Huldah Hoag a little apart at his side, the Douglas' behind them. Freedom and retinue step into the background. The Friends withdraw to one side as spectators. At this time Friends appear from the same direction from which Elijah Coffin et al came, bringing their boys and girls to the Boarding School. Leading, are John and Betty Hoover, with their children, Mary, Joseph and Edwin. The boys are presented to Lewis Estes and the girls to Huldah Hoag. After they have gathered, they are assigned places in front of the principals, the parents taking their places with the other Friends.)

LEWIS ESTES: On this eventful day, let us lay the cornerstone of wisdom in the words of the wisest of men. *(He reads Proverbs 2: 1-9.)*

HULDAH HOAG: (*In prayer*) As we gather in this holy hour, Oh Father of Light, help us to know Thy truth as the way of Wisdom and Freedom.

LEWIS ESTES: Young friends, as we gather here to-day, let us *do* so in obedience to the vision which your fathers have seen—the vision of the Ideal which shall be called Earlham—that Ideal which stands for Enlightenment and Service. May steadfastness to *this* purpose make us to hold fast to all that is true and to eschew all that would limit perfect freedom.

(*Two young men enter upon the scene and are about to make overtures to some of the young Friends.*)

LEWIS ESTES: (*Sternly*) Whom have we here? Speak!

EMISSARY: We are two emissaries from a sister college.

LEWIS ESTES: Emissaries? Emissaries of what?

EMISSARY: Of the spirit of fraternity.

LEWIS ESTES: A suspicious word, methinks, putting a false face on brotherly love. What do you here?

EMISSARY: We would install a chapter of our fraternity—our Greek letter fraternity.

LEWIS ESTES: Is your fraternity open and does it include *all* the youth of your institution?

EMISSARY: (*Laughing rather condescendingly*) Why, no, 'tis secret, and certainly not for the barbs.

LEWIS ESTES: The barbs?

EMISSARY: Yes. the barbarians, those without the pale and who are not entitled to our consideration.

LEWIS ESTES: I see. I paid you just now too near a compliment. You have placed a *fair* name upon a *whited* sepulcher. You have done well indeed to designate your so-called fraternity with Greek letters. *Your* spirit of fraternity is proud, haughty, false. *We* plead for that brotherly love which is all inclusive. We are in quest of that freedom of opportunity in which *all* are equal. To-day we lay foundation upon that perfect unity in which there is no respect of persons.

Hence! Now and forever!

(*The emissaries retire in confusion.*)

LEWIS ESTES: We establish here what shall be a college home—a home in which there shall be mutual consideration and oneness of

purpose. We do well to banish all that would hinder such. In the future I behold the founding of student organizations—but they shall be such as may be of benefit to all. Leading among them all, I behold two, which stand for freedom of thought and effectiveness of speech, the development of personality, and *real* fraternal fellowship. May Phoenix and Ionian be types of *Earlham* fraternity.

Before dismissing you, may I call your attention to a few requirements, made by the management of this Boarding School.

(Reads the following paragraph, taken from the official circular, announcing the opening of Friends Boarding School.)

“Each boy should bring 4 shirts; and each girl 3 frocks; 5 or 6 capes; 3 or 4 aprons; 2 woollen flannel petticoats; 2 skirts, 4 shifts, and 3 night caps; and each scholar of both sexes should be furnished with 3 towels; 3 dark colored handkerchiefs, and 3 pairs of stockings, suitable to the season, with tape strings sewed upon them for tying them together. The summer dress of the girls should be of plain dark calico, gingham, or such like, and the winter dress, of dark worsted or woollen goods. The outside garments of both sexes should be of dark grave colors; and all the clothing should be substantial, and such as will cause as little washing as may be. Remnants, the same as the clothes, will be desirable to repair them. Each article of clothing is to be marked with the owner's name. Any article of dress not sufficiently plain, or requiring much washing, shall be returned; but if the make only be exceptionable, it may be altered and the expense charged. Such girls as have arrived at sufficient years will be expected to have plain stiff-plait bonnets, and other dress corresponding. The boys will be expected to bring hats, as caps will not be allowed; and their coats, vests, and jackets are to be made with plain collars, to stand up, and not with rolling or falling collars.”

Students to your tasks.

(The boys file out together and the girls together, a few forward glances being exchanged. Lewis Estes follows the boys and Huldah Hoag the girls, he directing a serious, interested glance toward her, which causes her to lower her eyes in true Quaker maidenly modesty. All others retire after them, Freedom and retinue leaving last. Before retiring, however, Freedom steps forward and raises face and arms toward heaven in a pose of thanksgiving and exultation.

Scene 3—Teaching by Example. (In the Second Term.)

(Friends are seen gathering for "Fifth Day Meeting." The interest and alacrity with which the Boarding School pupils assemble themselves, indicate unusual proceedings ahead. After the audience has gathered, Lewis Estes and Huldah Hoag enter, accompanied by two friends, and take seats in front. A short period of silent worship ensues, after which Elijah Coffin, who sits head of the Meeting, gives the sign to proceed. Lewis Estes and Huldah Hoag arise and clasp hands.)

LEWIS ESTES: "In the presence of the Lord, and before this assembly, I take Huldah C. Hoag to be my wife; promising, with divine assistance, to be unto her a loving and faithful husband, until death shall separate us."

HULDAH HOAG: "In the presence of the Lord, and before this assembly, I take Lewis A. Estes to be my husband; promising, with divine assistance, to be unto him a loving and faithful wife, until death shall separate us."

(The marriage certificate is produced, is signed by the contracting parties, and by those who accompany them, as witnesses, and is then read. The wedding party takes its leave, followed by the audience.)

EPISODE VI—RECOGNITION OF THE "NEW LEARNING" AND THE AESTHETIC.

Scene 1—Introduction of Science and Music

(Scene opens with Earlham slowly and thoughtfully walking up and down the back of the lower stage. Students enter from various directions, books in hand, which some are studiously perusing. Earlham looks inquiringly from one to another, as they con their lessons.)

EARLHAM: William, I like thy studious attitude, but what readest thou? Enlighten thou the rest of us.

WILLIAM: *(Reads a few Greek words with much labor and hesitation, and then with reassurance)* Ententhen exelaunei stathmous tres.

EARLHAM: Why such evident satisfaction? What's the import?

WILLIAM: Eureka! That I had found another smooth sail for Thallassa! Thalassa! The sea! The sea. Come in, the water's fine!

(His older companions laugh appreciatively, while Earlham, deigning not to smile, turns to another.)

EARLHAM: Albert, what knowest thou of this virgin soil—its resources, its natural history—

ALBERT: *(Interrupting on the word history)* Rome fell 476 Anno Domini, the Dark Ages were ended by the discovery of America and George Washington is the Father of his country.

EARLHAM: Elizabeth Ann, what canst thou tell us of these stately trees that minister to our comfort?

ELIZABETH ANN: Shade trees—Arma virumque Cano, Troiac qui primus, etc.

EARLHAM: Richard *(addressing a youngster not overly studious)*, what canst thou tell us?

RICHARD: *(In shrill piping voice)* Golly est omni divisa in three parts.

EARLHAM: Such a beautiful flower thou hast there, Caroline. Its name and habitat?

CAROLINE: Ich weiss es nicht, aber, parlez vous Francais?

EARLHAM: *(In growing perplexity and despair)* Sarah, from what bird comes that sweet lilting call?

(Sarah unheeding, reels off a long algebraic equation. Earlham dismisses them all in despair. Board of Trustees enter and Earlham steps forward and speaks.)

EARLHAM: I have a concern that we are not doing the best for the young people entrusted to our care.

PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD: How not the best?

EARLHAM: I am in doubt and can but poorly express myself—I am dedicated to the quest for freedom which leads to the fullest truth, to knowledge of the realities that make our lives. But what *do* we? Cast our teaching in the narrow moulds of past centuries. Can this bring freedom? The mere knowledge of theorem and Latin sentence—is this the truth that shall make us free?

(Enter Freedom and train on the Chase Stage.)

FREEDOM: Oh no! I would have thee learn God's unfolding truth.

EARLHAM: Why, thou dost but express by own feelings of which I was hardly conscious. Say on!

FREEDOM: Fitting indeed it is that thou shouldst take the lead in all this country in thy sense of the New Learning.

EARLHAM: But who shall point the way?

FREEDOM: Joseph Moore, him have I called! (*Joseph Moore enters below.*) Thrice welcome Joseph Moore.

JOSEPH MOORE: Light has come out of the East whither I was sent, in answer to the eager promptings of my heart. Louis Agassiz, herald of the new learning, has filled me with a holy enthusiasm. I come from him and bid you hold aloft the standard of nature's truth. To study it, develop it—know it. Learn the language, the structure, the secrets, the history of nature:—the laws of life—the grand epic of all development.

(He turns and points to the science students as they enter. Chemistry and Physics with equipment; geology students with their bags of rocks; bird and flower students with their field glasses and botany cans, and domestic science girls in caps and aprons. They show eagerness and enthusiasm as they take their position before and around Earlham and the Board.)

EARLHAM: As investigators and searchers after nature's truth, as students of life, I welcome you to company with those who also learn from the rich largess of the past. Neither you nor they, alone, suffice. Your college is first in this great commonwealth to recognize you. We give the honor to that seer and prophet, Joseph Moore. From this day on, many are those, who, catching here the vision, shall lead the quest both far and wide. Again we honor do to David Dennis, interpreter of God's out-of-doors. When the voices of these you hear no more—their spirit shall still lead you forward. So, on! Ever onward in your quest, that in truth, the heavens may declare the glory of God and the firmament show his handiwork.

(Deborah Jones rises in a very determined manner.)

DEBORAH JONES: But my friends, I have yet another concern. I have seen evidences among our students of a departure from Friends' principles. There is a tendency towards laxity in dress, both in pattern and color. And, furthermore, I have it on good authority that one of our young men has been heard playing a mouth organ on the school grounds. Such things ought not to be. (*Nods of approval from others.*)

PRESIDENT OF BOARD: This is a serious matter—Friends will please consider it carefully. What shall be done?

(Freedom, who has been holding herself back with difficulty, now hurries forward and addresses the Board again.)

FREEDOM: Oh, my friends, be not hasty in your action. So diligently have you sought me, I cannot bear that you fail me now. In a day of riotous living and empty form, your fathers did well to put away those things that might dim for them the inner light. But to mould *your* life by *their* conditions is to crystallize—and to crystallize is death.

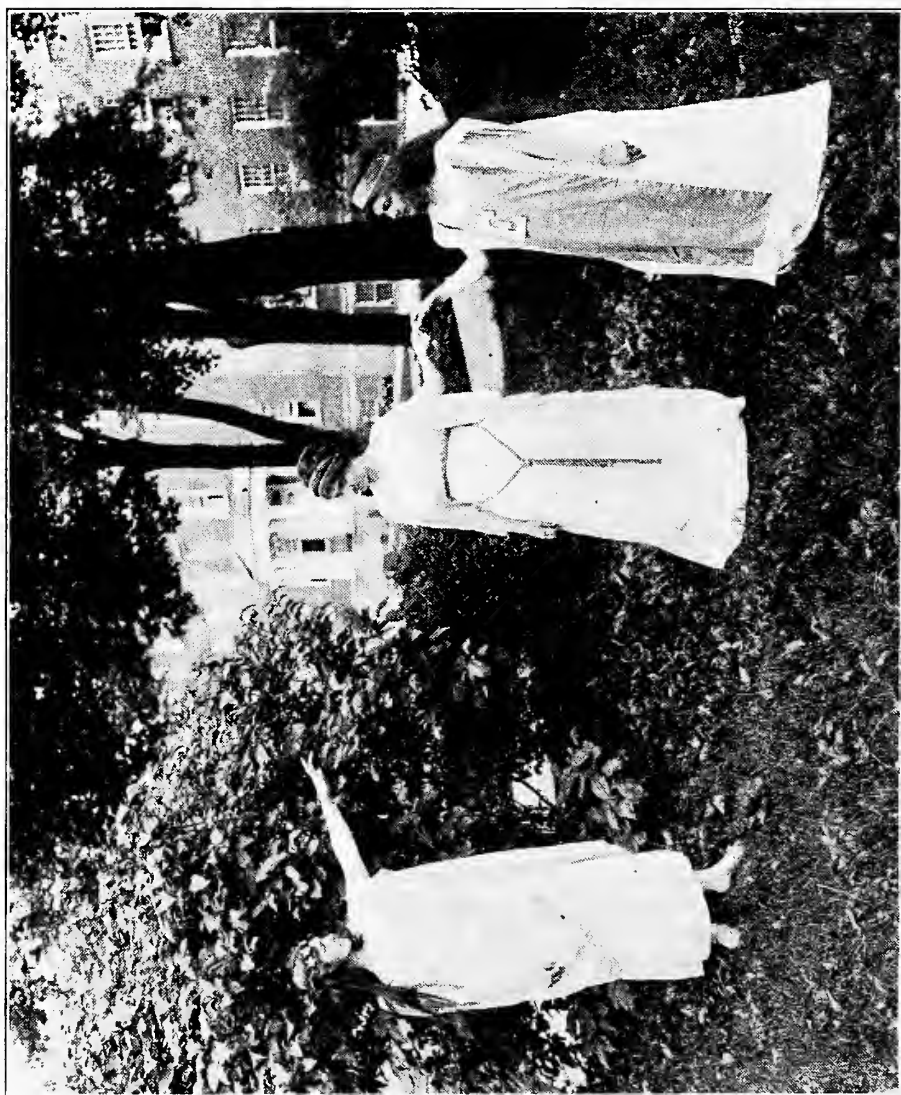
Keep the vision! Open your ears and hear the harmonies of His creatures. How poor and dull this earth, else! So, *you*, if you despise these graces of His love. Quench not in these youth the zest of life. Direct it aright and it shall lead you in the quest. Stern repression means stagnation or license; meet encouragement, the larger, better freedom.

But listen! The Spirit of Music makes its own plea in the person of our young friend, Catherine Hoover. I pray her a respectful hearing.

(As Freedom speaks the words, "Keep the vision," a song is heard in the distance as of one approaching. As the last words of Freedom are spoken, Catherine Hoover, who, as a little tot, clung to her mother's skirts when the Negroes were being helped toward freedom, appears on the scene. In her wake are the students who are represented as eagerly following and entreating the Spirit of Music. Freedom beckons to Catherine, who is still singing, to take her place before the Board. She continues her music, making it a direct appeal.

Her first song, which she sings as she approaches, is light and lyric, atune with nature's springtime. She then sings in argumentative strain, ending with a song of tender appeal. The students have ranged themselves in the background, looking on and listening with pleasurable emotions, tinged with anxious expectation, as also Freedom. The faces of the Board members are first austere, then merely serious, and relax during the appeal. Catherine Hoover ends by extending her hands to them in earnest supplication, when, after a dramatic pause, the President of the Board, after noting the approving glances of the members (Deborah Jones alone remaining dubious) nods his head in assent.)

At this token, the students, led by Catherine and supported by the orchestra, break forth into a glad chorus of joy and exultation. A number of girls, in flowing draperies, come into the foreground, and in graceful, rhythmic motion, give color and action to the scene and typify the aesthetic and beautiful.)



FREEDOM, INDIANA AND EARLHAM.

PART IV.

FINALE.

EPISODE VII—FULFILLMENT AND PROMISE.

Scene 1—Centennial Observance.

EARLHAM: (*Addressing Freedom*) As with a wand let us wave aside the passing years. Let us carry the spirit of this joyous, exultant occasion to the memorial year in our great commonwealth.

FREEDOM: It is as thou wishest. Oh Earlham. The years pass, but the spirit of joy and exultation is still upon us. Do thou further guide us.

EARLHAM: One hundred years ago, 'neath the leafing Elm of Corydon, a new state was born; born and consecrated to the cause of freedom. From a century of heroic endeavor, of labor of body, of travail of soul, she stands to-day, superb, triumphant—OUR INDIANA! In this her anniversary year her loyal citizens far and near unite to do her honor. In keeping with this feeling of loyalty and love, these my eldest children, ere they depart from Alma Mater's halls, would speak through me our tribute of patriotism.

(*As Freedom speaks, Indiana enters, accompanied by the Seniors in caps and gowns.*)

FREEDOM: With all my heart I welcome Indiana—beautiful in service, regal in beauty. All honor to Indiana! (*All bow to Indiana.*)

INDIANA: They *honor* most who serve best. In serving thee to whose cause I consecrated was, these thereby *honor* Indiana. They and I do therefore make observance unto thee.

FREEDOM: Cleverly enough turned. I see conspiracy's on foot to-day. But as I have extended favor, wilt thou grace my side most lovely Indiana and do thou, Fair Earlham, the plot unroll.

EARLHAM: Some pay their tribute in this Centennial Year in bronze and brick and stone. They do well. If such thou seekest, look about the scene. We rather come to bring remembrance wherein, in quest of thee, we have befriended men. If mine it is and has been to point my sons and daughters to paths that lead to service; to paths that lead toward peace; toward brotherhood of man, or white or black or red or brown; to all that leads to satisfy the human need however felt—to save from self and save for thee; then *this our* tribute be.

Call the roll of Earlham's sons and do thou judge. Many are those whom I would name, who have in my cause served, but let one answer for them all. In him, the best in all the rest is typified. I speak of him, thy servant true, my firm support. More than they all he saw the vision and for it gave his life. His name a hallowed one where'er my name is loved. I speak it reverently—Allen Jay.

FREEDOM: Thou needest not his name have spoken—'tis known wherever Freedom's loved and cherished.

EARLHAM: And there is yet other tribute I would offer on behalf of these, my bulwark, ever ready at my call (*pointing to Faith, Courage, Self-Sacrifice and Love*). But zealous for thy cause, they have raised thy standard in the great unbounded West, where thou art pulsed in the very air that's breathed. Their tribute we now present thee—my younger sisters five. (*Faith et al go to meet Penn, Friends, Pacific, Whittier and Central, who enter, escorting them to Freedom, before whom they bow as Earlham names each sister.*)

Penn College—Sore stricken, but steadfast, true, worthy the great name she bears; Friends University—zealous, earnest, as big with faith and hope, as name; Pacific College—fair daughter of heroic sacrifice, courageous guardian of the far frontier; Whittier College—true heir of Freedom's spokesman, brave, generous, eloquent; Nebraska Central College—a child in size and years, mature in purpose true, and determined to achieve it.

FREEDOM: In joy and pride I greet you. Heaven's blessings rich upon you all. I shall be honored and you join my retinue. (*Motioning them to take places in her train.*)

EARLHAM: (*Bowing to Freedom*) If we still find favor in thy sight, Oh Freedom—

FREEDOM: What? Still other arrows in thy quiver? But I like thy archery—spare not the mark.

EARLHAM: In serious reverence we have our tribute brought to thee. Now, let us *gladsome* be. In very joy of life and zest of joy, we no less tribute pay than in our very serving. They *doubly* serve who serve with gladness. And it please you, in lightsome, blithesome, wholesome, revels my children will now honor thee and Indiana.

FREEDOM: *Well spoken!* This is in very truth a festal day. I bid thee call thy children to make merry here before us.

EARLHAM: (*Turning and calling*) Children of mine, on to the scene.

With music and color and rythm's delight,
Interpret the spirit of Earlham aright.
The spirit of present, of future to be—
The spirit of Earlham, triumphant and free.

(*Earlham steps to the other side of Freedom. The whole cast takes position as audience as the May Day revelers appear, led by the Spirit of Music, singing "Come out, Come out." Before the whole pageant assemblage, the May Day exercises are given. At their conclusion, all join in singing Alma Mater, when Freedom, Indiana and Earlham, lead the pageant procession off the scene to the hymn, "Freedom Our Queen."*)



AROUND THE MAY POLE.

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